The World

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AMERICANS ABROAD.

The French press is caviling at the almost royal progress Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth are making through Europe.

"One might think," says the Petit Parisien, "that a queen accompanied by her prince consort was making an official tour away from her realm. A less ostentatious honeymoon would have been in better taste."

But must a bride on her wedding trip abroad travel incognita because she happens to be a President's daughter? A more becoming point of view on the part of foreign critics would be to consider the Longworths as an integral part of the passing show which America now provides every summer for the entertainment of Europe and the enrichment of its shopkeepers.

This season's exhibit has been an unusually full and varied one. Thus the Parisians have been enabled to inspect at one time four Americans of international interest, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. J. Ogden Armour, head of the Beef Trust, and Mr. McCurdy, of Life Insurance notoriety.

Among our other exportations was Miss Sutton, who went abroad to teach English ladies tennis; young Jay Gould, whose performances in court tennis interested all England; a new Pittsburg baroness and other additions to the pages of the Almanach de Gotha; athletes for Olympia; a full cargo of playwrights, actors and theatrical managers; bishops and college professors; trust lawyers, Senators, authors, a Presidential candidate, motor speed maniacs, steel kings, mere millionaires by hundreds and plain citizens in thousands.

In extent and variety this summer's exodus abroad promises to break records. If Europe is not now familiar with Americans of every kind and condition it is not for lack of human documents for study. These shoals of visitors from over sea will fill the playhouses, bargain for castles, draw checks for art collections. The money they will spend will make a considerable item in our balance of trade with Europe.

PROFIT IN CHEAP GAS.

The State's answer in the suit to protect the New Amsterdam Gas Company from the 80-cent gas law makes out a clear case for the public.

It is shown that the 80-cent rate would give the company more than an ample return on its investment. Last year, for example, the New Amsterdam Company was able to derive a handsome profit from the sale of more than two billion feet of gas to the Consolidated at an average price of less than 35 cents. If the company were not controlled by the Consolidated and were not compelled to earn dividends for the trust's watered securities it could have largely increased its income by selling this amount of gas at 80 cents. Counsel for the public put the value of the New Amsterdam plants at $13,000,000, instead of the $30,000,000 at which the Consolidated appraises them.

It is the burden of water in the trust's stocks which weighs down the subsidiary companies and gives a false aspect to their earning capacity. The price charged the consumer is not fixed with a view to its earning a fair interest on a legitimate capitalization. It is inflated to a point where it will yield an income on securities watered twice over. If the water were squeezed out gas could be profitably supplied to consumers at 60 cents.

How Busy John D. Improves Each Shining Hour.

By E. E. Flinn.

Stories About People.

By Tom Watkins.

WHEN James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, was preparing to build the new railroad he is building in the Northwest he spent a great deal of time at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and could be seen almost any evening after dinner sitting in the cafe talking with men who were interested with him in the project.

One evening he was quite alone, and sat for some time in a listless attitude, as though waiting for some one, when Harper Ralston, a correspondent for an English newspaper, came along.

He went up to the man of millions and addressed him in apology for intruding, but asked the reticent father of the Northwest some questions pertaining to the district that Mr. Hill is so fond of, with a view to getting information for a weekly letter to his paper.

During the conversation Ralston showed Hill a letter that had previously appeared, written by him, concerning Hill and the Northwestern properties controlled by him. In this letter Ralston had stated that real estate values would advance in certain localities on account of the new ventures the Hill party were to make.

Hill read the clipping through and said:

"That's very good; all except that part about the real estate values. They will not increase at these points you have named here. The place where the natural increase in values will occur will be at that place and that," pointing to a map that accompanied the printed story.

"If I were a young man," continued Hill, "I wouldn't ask anything better than be able to get some property at these two points."

And then he went on in an enthusiastic way to tell, without exactly saying why, how certain things which must eventually happen would make certain property in the localities he had pointed out double in value and maybe do even better than that.

Ralston sent the story along to his paper and then went out to the places where these increases in values were to be.

He saw signs of the things Mr. Hill had told him about and wrote home for money.

He went around buying options, and becoming enthusiastic over the prospects of the country, he settled there.

That was four years ago. Ralston came to New York last Saturday and completed a deal whereby he sells to a New England firm for $150,000 property he bought for $25,000, and on which he only paid $2,000 cash, at that.

When he saw Mr. Hill in St. Paul, just before final negotiations in the deal, he told him that by following the information that had been suggested by Mr. Hill he had made a modest fortune, and the sage of tariff rates said:

"A man who will take advantage of advice deserves fortune. It's because so few people will take advice that the number of workingmen is so great."

Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES

What They Did;
Why They Did It;
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 37—The Unwritten Law That Means "Hands Off!"

"HANDS OFF!"

That phrase and its frequent enforcement form the keynote of American liberty. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries brave men had said it to rulers who oppressed them and had enforced it by coming to the New World, where they could live unmolested.

Their descendants had said it at Bunker Hill, at Concord and at Lexington, when tyrants had sought to interfere with their rights, and the Declaration of Independence reiterated it.

"Hands off!" was the thundrous challenge of Jackson's fusillade at New Orleans, of Perry's on Lake Erie and of Decatur's in the Mediterranean.

And now, in 1823, President Monroe crystallized the sentiment in the immortal Congressional message comprising the Monroe Doctrine. Washington, with rare foresight, had urged, forty years earlier, that the United States should avoid becoming entangled in European policies. Monroe's creed was the inverse of that proposition, namely, that Europe should be debarred from taking any important or controlling part in American politics.

The "Holy Alliance" and How It Was Checked.

This doctrine was not original with Monroe, as, in one form or another, it had several times before been suggested. But it remained for him to put it in concrete shape.

The occasion for his doing so was this:

Several European nations had combined in a so-called "Holy Alliance" and had helped to success a royalist insurrection in Spain. Elated by their work, they decided to go further and to help Spanish interests in the Western Hemisphere.

Two or three Spanish colonies in South America had become fired by the example of the United States and had thrown off Spain's yoke, declaring themselves free and independent nations. (Not being blessed with the sturdy virtues, hardihood and probity, of the Anglo-Saxon races, some of these same South American republics have at various times behaved in such a manner as to awaken worldwide derision and to render doubtful their ability for self-government.)

The Holy Alliance planned to send an army to South America for the purpose of subduing the rebellious colonies there and to force them back to their former allegiance to Spain.

This idea of a foreign invasion of the Western Hemisphere did not please the American people, who had so recently endured infinite sufferings from a similar invasion.

To check the proposed move of the Holy Alliance President Monroe sent to Congress in 1823 a message stating that while the United States had no concern in Europe's home wars or internecine squabbles, yet that we were closely interested in all affairs in the Americas and could afford no outside interference. He added:

"We should consider any attempt on their (the European Powers') part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

"With the existing colonies and dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it and whose independence we have • • • acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. • • •

"It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent (North or South America) without endangering our peace and happiness."

In other words, "Hands off the Western Hemisphere!"

In view of America's recent military exploits against England and Algiers the "Holy Alliance" very properly took the hint conveyed by Monroe's splendidly sane message. The proposed armed invasion of South America was abandoned. While Spain for nearly a century longer kept her grip on some of her Western colonies, no open attempt was made to force back to allegiance those who had already shaken off the yoke.

One Man's Command That Has Outlived Many Laws.

An odd fact, unknown to many Americans, is that the Monroe Doctrine is not a law, nor a statutory measure of any sort. It is a policy, not a legal measure. It is an unwritten commandment which, for nearly a century, the whole world has implicitly obeyed.

During that time countless iron-bound laws have been made, broken, repealed or forgotten. Yet the sentiment conveyed in this simple message of a long dead President has held unbrokenly, and will probably continue to hold so until the end of time.

Where, in the case of ordinary legal measures, precedent and quibbles have often marred the true purpose of law, this unratified dictum has again and again been enforced, and always with success.

Repeated efforts have been made to enact the Monroe Doctrine's principles into a law or set of laws, but the matter has never been carried through, and the Doctrine remains unindorsed by statutory authority.

Yet behind it is something stronger than any law, stronger even than the genius of the man who framed it.

For the Monroe Doctrine is backed by the will of the American people.

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

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CHAPTER XXV.

(Continued.)

A LETTER from Mr. Fraide, sir. But there's no answer," he said with unusual brevity.

Loder waited till he had left the room, then he tore the letter open. He read:

My Dear Chilcote: Lakely is the recipient of special and very vital news from Meshed—unofficial, but none the less alarming. Acts of Russian aggression toward British traders are reported to be rapidly increasing, and it is stated that the authority of the Consulate is treated with contempt. Pending a possible confirmation of this I would suggest that you keep an open mind on the subject of tonight's speech. By adopting an anticipatory—even an unprepared—attitude you may find your hand materially strengthened. I shall put my opinions before you more explicitly when we meet. Yours faithfully,

HERBERT FRAIDE.

The letter, worded with Fraide's usual restraint, made a strong impression upon its recipient. The thought that his speech might not only express opinions already tacitly held, but voice a situation of intense and national importance, struck him with full force. For many minutes after he had grasped the meaning of Fraide's message he sat neglectful of his notes, his elbows resting on the desk, his face between his hands, stirred by the suggestion that here might lie a greater opportunity than any he had anticipated.

Still moved by this new suggestion he attended the party conclave that Fraide had convened, and afterward lunched with and accompanied his leader to the House. They spoke very little as they drove to Westminster, for each was engrossed by his own thoughts. Only once did Fraide allude to the incident that was paramount in both their minds. Then, turning to Loder with a smile of encouragement he had laid his fingers for an instant on his arm.

"Chilcote," he had said, "when the time comes remember you have all my confidence."

Looking back upon that day Loder often wondered at the calmness with which he bore the uncertainty. To sit apparently unmoved and wait without emotion for news that might change the whole trend of one's action would have tried the stoicism of the most experienced; to the novice it was well-nigh unendurable. And it was under these conditions and fighting against these odds that he sat through the long afternoon in Chilcote's place, obeying the dictates of his chief. But if the day was fraught with difficulties for him it was fraught with dulness and disappointment for others; for the undercurrent of interest that had stirred at the Easter adjournment and risen with added force on this first day of the new session was gradually but surely threatened with extinction as hour after hour passed, bringing no suggestion of the battle that had on every side been tacitly expected. Slowly and unmistakably speculation and dissatisfaction crept into the atmosphere of the House as moment succeeded moment, and the Opposition made no sign. Was Fraide shirking the attack? Or was he playing a waiting game? Again and again the question arose, filling the air with a passing flicker of interest; but each time it sprang up only to die down again as the ordinary business of the day dragged itself out.

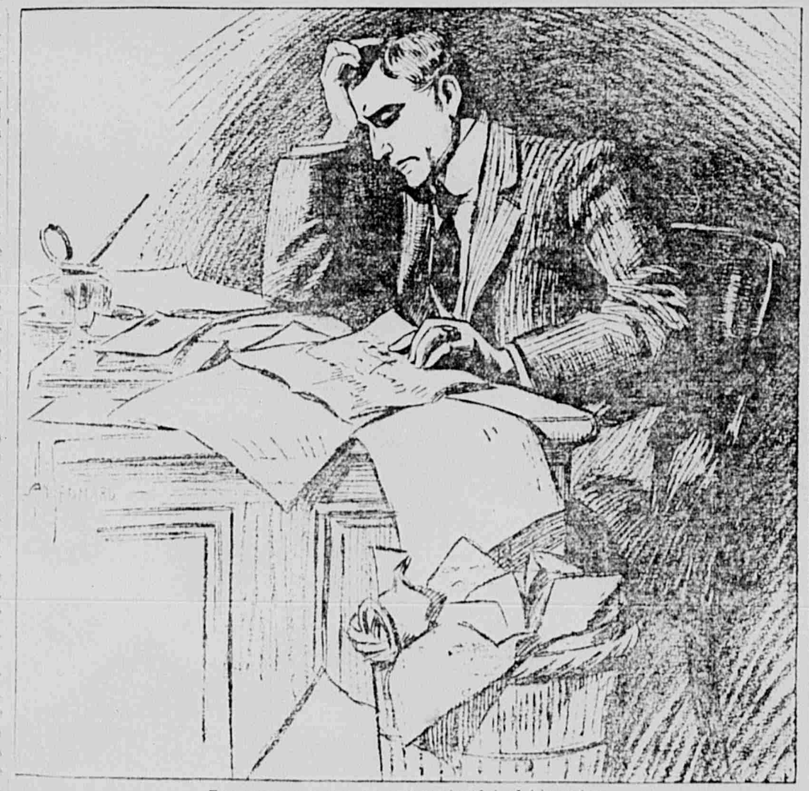
Gradually, as the afternoon wore on, daylight began to fade. Loder, sitting rigidly in Chilcote's place, watched with suppressed inquiry the faces of the men who entered through the constantly swinging doors; but not one face, so eagerly scanned, carried the message for which he waited. Monotonously and mechanically the time passed. The Government, adopting a neutral attitude, carefully skirted all dangerous subjects, while the Opposition, acting under Fraide's suggestion, assisted rather than hindered the programme of postponement. For the moment the eagerly anticipated reassembling threatened direful failure; and it was with a universal movement of weariness and relief that at last the House rose to dine.

But there are no possibilities so elastic as those of politics. At half-past 7 the House rose in a spirit of boredom and disappointment, and at 8 o'clock the lobbies, the dining-room, the entire space of the vast building was stirred into activity by the arrival of a single telegraphic message.

The new development for which Fraide had waited came indeed, but it came with a force he had little anticipated. With a thrill of awe and consternation men heard and repeated the astounding news that—while personally exercising his authority on behalf of British traders—Sir William Brice-Field, Consul-General at Meshed, had been fired at by a Russian officer and instantly killed.

The interval immediately following the receipt of this news was too confused for detailed remembrance. Two ideas made themselves slowly felt—a deep horror that such an event could obtrude itself upon our high civilization, and a strong personal dismay that so honored, distinguished and esteemed a representative as Sir William Brice-Field could have been allowed to meet death in so terrible a manner.

It was in the consciousness of this feeling—the consciousness that in his own person he might voice not only the feelings of his party but those of the whole country—that Loder rose an hour later to make his long-delayed attack.



For many minutes he sat neglectful of his notes.

He stood silent for a moment, as he had done on an earlier occasion; but this time his motive was different. Roused beyond any feeling of self-consciousness he waited as by right for the full attention of the House; then quietly, but with self-possessed firmness, he moved the motion for adjournment.

Like a match to a train of powder the words set flame to the excitement that had smouldered for weeks; and in an atmosphere of stirring activity, a scene of such tense and vital concentration as the House has rarely witnessed, he found inspiration for his great achievement.

To give Loder's speech in mere words would be little short of futile. The gift of oratory is too illusive, too much a matter of eye and voice and individuality, to allow of cold reproduction. To those who heard him speak on that night of April 18 the speech will require no recalling; and to those who did not hear him there would be no substitute in bare reproduction.

In the moment of action it mattered nothing to him that his previous preparations were to a great extent rendered useless by this news that had come with such paralyzing effect. In the sweeping consciousness of his own ability he found added joy in the freedom it opened up. He ceased to consider that by fate he was a Conservative, bound by traditional conventionalities; in that great moment he knew himself sufficiently a man to exercise whatever individuality instinct prompted. He forgot the didactic methods by which he had proposed to show knowledge of his subject—both as a past and a future factor in European politics. With his own strong appreciation of present things he saw and grasped the vast present interest lying beneath his hand.

For fifty minutes he held the interest of the House, speaking insistently, fearlessly, commandingly on the immediate need of action. He unhesitatingly pointed out that the news which had just reached England was not so much an appalling fact as a sinister warning to those in whose keeping lay the safety of the country's interests. Lastly, with a fine touch of eloquence, he paid tribute to the steadfast fidelity of such men as Sir William Brice-Field, who, whatever political complications arise at home, pursue their duty unswervingly on the outposts of the empire.

At his last words there was silence—the silence that marks a genuine effect—then all at once, with vehement, impressive force the storm of enthusiasm broke its bounds.

It was one of those stupendous bursts of feeling that no etiquette, no decorum is powerful enough to quell. As he resumed his seat, very pale, but exalted as men are exalted only once or twice in a lifetime, it rose about him—clamorous, spontaneous, undeniable. Near at hand were the faces of his party, excited and triumphant; across the house were the faces of Selborough and his Ministry, uncomfortable and disturbed.

The tumult swelled, then fell away; and in the partial lull that followed Fraide leaned over the back of his seat. His quiet, dignified expression was unaltered, but his eyes were intensely bright.

"Chilcote," he whispered, "I don't congratulate you—or myself. I congratulate the country on possessing a great man!"

The remaining features of the debate followed quickly one upon the other; the electric atmosphere of the House possessed a strong incentive power. Immediately Loder's ovation had subsided the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs rose and in a careful and non-incriminating reply defended the attitude of the Government.

Next came Fraide, who, in one of his rare and polished speeches, touched with much feeling upon his personal grief at the news reported from Persia and made emphatic indorsement of Loder's words.

Following Fraide came one or two dissentient Liberals, and then Selborough himself closed the debate. His speech was masterly and fluent; but though any disquietude he may have felt was well disguised under a tone of reassuring ease, the attempt to rehabilitate his position—already weakened in more than one direction—was a task beyond his strength.

Amid extraordinary excitement the division followed—and with it a Government defeat.

It was not until half an hour after the votes had been taken that Loder, freed at last from persistent congratulations, found opportunity to look for Eve. In accordance with a promise made that morning he was to find her waiting outside the ladies' gallery at the close of the debate.

(To Be Continued.)